

Merchandise." Yet not as much so as is sometimes the case in our American churches, where fairs and festivals are held within their sacred walls.

Friday there were services in every church, consisting in the reading or chanting of the services; we Americans went that night to the Russian church in Athens, the crowd there being not so large, and the music very fine, while in the Greek churches the singing is usually venerable. The bishops, four or five in number, were attired on this occasion in very handsome black velvet robes, trimmed with silver bands several inches wide, and the Archbishop had on his head a mitre sparkling with diamonds. They all came out and stood in front of the bier, turning their backs to the people. At the head and foot of the bier were burning a number of large wax tapers, while each worshipper held a lighted taper in his hand.

The services were read by the bishop in a clear and distinct voice, alternating in ancient Greek and Russian, or faintly chanted by the choir in the gallery. The bishops with their silver censers of burning incense, were bowing and making many genuflexions to one another, to the bier, and to the pictures hanging around. Once during the service the bier was taken up and carried on the shoulders of two bishops around the church, the people following with their burning tapers, and brought in again and laid in state as before.

Finally, it was taken out and borne in procession through some of the principal streets, the people with the lights, bishops and priests attending, and everything conducted just as in the usual funeral procession in Athens, except that they all cry out as they pass along: "Lord have mercy! Lord have mercy!" not in a very reverential manner, as boys in front run and jump, and play leap frog while crying out these solemn words. There is always a procession of this kind from each church. The appearance of these processions with the lighted tapers is very beautiful. Some were attended by music and all by bishops and priests in their priestly robes.

On Saturday night at midnight "The Resurrection" was celebrated. The Metropolitan church was the place of attraction as the Royal Family are expected to attend there. At eleven p. m., the doors were opened and the services began. At twelve the Archbishop, attended by the other bishops and priests, walked down, lighting and burning incense, chanting, etc., and out at the door to the large platform, which had been erected for the purpose, and were there met by the King and Queen and others of the court. After a short service the Archbishop turned to the Queen and from his lighted taper lit hers, saying, "Christ is risen." To which the reply is made, "He is risen indeed." So from one to another until every taper is burning and every voice announcing, the "Glad Tidings," fireworks are lit up, the Acropolis and its ruins are beautifully illuminated. Groups of men, women and children, each carrying his lighted taper, are formed, the church bells are rung, cannon fired, music played, and the whole city becomes, in the midst of midnight darkness, one blaze of light and joy—a strikingly beautiful type of a Christian life in a dark world of sin, if each would carry his lighted taper and call out the glad tidings of the risen Savior. Sabbath morning, Easter Sunday, is the one day of outward

"Rest," in that land. Shops are closed, business of all kinds suspended, even the market, and but few are seen on the streets. An American, traveling in Europe, happening to be in Athens on this particular Sunday, wrote home that there was not such a Sabbath keeping people on earth as the Greeks, when 10! of the fifty-two Sabbaths this one alone is observed as a day of rest!

We were told that there is much feasting on that day, each family providing themselves with a whole lamb, or in cases of poverty, two or three families invest in one lamb which is roasted whole and eaten with bitter herbs.

The "Holy Days" continue through Monday, all work is still set aside and the feasting continues. One particular observance of this day is the custom of sending from one neighbor to another loaves of bread accompanied by boiled eggs, dyed in rich and variegated hues. The writer remembers one occasion, during a prolonged sojourn among these interesting people, of receiving over one hundred and fifty boiled eggs and fifty loaves of bread! As it was impossible to consume the same, they served to send over to Mr. Themistocles Stamata-poula, or to the family of Aristotle, our next door neighbor, or to Ioannon, the widow of John, whose family lay sick, or yet again to Papa Demetrius, the village priest.

But considerable caution had to be practiced not to return the article to the original sender, which would have given unpardonable offense. The variety and grotesqueness of the loaves of bread, and the ingenuity practiced in the dying and in the carving in the dye of beautiful designs, are wonderful. A loaf of bread would sometimes be in the form of a large fish belching forth a scarlet egg with one dyed purple stuck into its caudal fins. Beasts, birds and flowers were all represented in bread, each loaf decorated with colored eggs, spices, and even bits of bright colored flannels, while the eggs are often gems of exquisite workmanship in the delicate tracery of beautiful designs with the pen or pen-knife after they are dyed.

One of the happiest things to this Greek Easter, is that it is a time of general making up of all quarrels or feuds, every man will shake hands with his bitterest enemy on the first meeting after the resurrection, saying, "Christ is risen," and the answer will be given, "He is risen indeed." However, the quarrel may be renewed the next day and kept up the entire twelve months, such is the vascillating character of our modern Greek.

The more thoughtful reader may ask, do all Greeks take part in the follies of this occasion? To which the reply must be made: most certainly not. There are many of the older and more sober who never participate in such absurdities and actions, while some of the more sensible, heartily disapprove of and condemn them. Yet not all that should be done is being done by the Greek church to counteract, and still less to prevent, such an admixture of religion and folly.

Missed opportunities may be the curse or the blessing of a life. Rightly remembered, they become the best stimulus to careful watching and grasping of those that yet pass.